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Statues of Memnon (Amenhotep III) at Thebes, guarding the Valley of the Kings' Tombs, among them the Tomb of Tutankhamen, recently excavated by Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter.

ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

The Arts Throughout the Ages

VOLUME XV

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THE MAGIC ART OF EGYPT

By DUDLEY S. CORLETT

TO THOSE who possess the "all-seeing eye," there is no more fascinating occupation than the reconstruction of the past. To build up again from their ruins the temples and palaces of those who inhabited the world in its splendid youth. To furnish again the empty halls, and to fill the deserted sanctuaries with priests and worshippers.

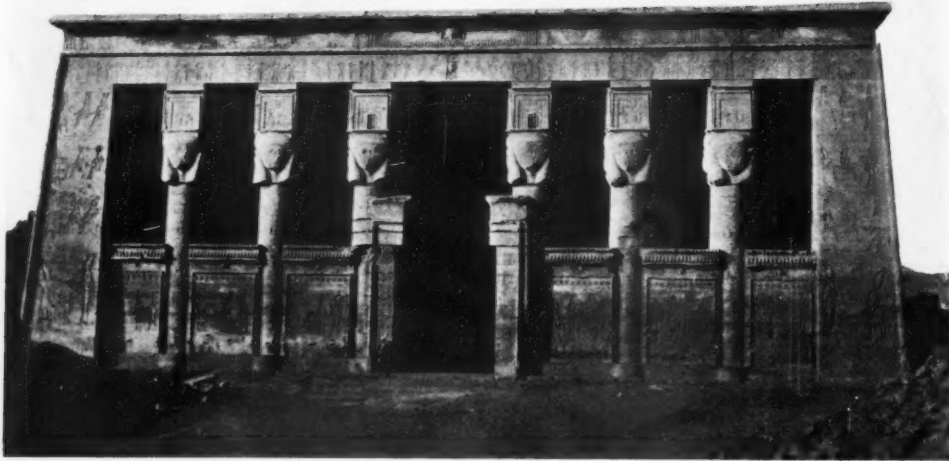
Of all countries Egypt, perhaps, offers the most fascinating field to delve in, for not only do the temples built several thousand years ago remain almost as perfect as when they left the mason's hands, but on their walls are engraved the lives of the people with an artistry astonishingly vivid. Thus the imagination is greatly assisted in the matter of accuracy in archaeology and knowledge of the ancient arts.

To one who has lived for many years in modern Egypt, and known and loved the simple Children of the Nile, the task of reconstruction is rendered all the more realistic because

the Egyptians of today have altered so very little fundamentally in their manners and customs from their ancestors when the Pharaohs ruled the land.

Let us then take three of these temples of old Egypt, amidst which we have lived and dreamed. We will walk through their ruins beneath the glorious sun of Egypt, and then, when the magic of the moon enchants the Valley of the Nile, we will watch them rise again in all the pristine glory of the past.

Ra, the ancient Sun God, wheeled his chariot towards the zenith as we left the little town of Quena, famous for its dancing-girls. Painted and coined, these houris indulged the physical pleasures of the pilgrims before they departed for the more ascetic pleasures of Mecca. We crossed the broad Nile in a boat as clumsy, and of similar design, as those pictured on the walls of tombs. On a white donkey adorned with strings of blue beads we hurried over the plain towards



Dendera: The Temple of Hathor, Goddess of Love (to judge the size of the colossal columns, note the Egyptian standing by the door).

the desert hills. Villages of sun-baked bricks resembling those the Israelites were ordered to make without straw; fields which had borne abundantly of the fruits of the soil since the dawn of history when Menes reigned. Peasants plowing, sowing and reaping as in the time of Joseph, and the unmuzzled ox treading out the grain.

DENDERA

Then Dendera appeared as mysteriously as Aphrodite rising from the sea. For the temple of Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, clings so close to the honey-colored cliffs, and is of a tone so similar, that, from a little distance temple and desert are one. Beneath the ruined pylon we rode, and instantly modern Egypt paled beside the majesty of the past. To the right the "Birth-House"; half buried in the golden sand. Here a strange vision portrayed the changing Faiths

of Man. A shaft of golden light slanted downward from the broken roof to illumine a Coptic cross superimposed over the symbols of the older Gods of Egypt. For this little building had been adopted by the early monks as a chapel for the worship of Christ. But to us it was rather the Hymns of Hathor which vibrated from the walls than the Psalms of David.

Coming out from the cool dim interior of this chapel of conflicting Faiths, we sat awhile on a broken column staring at the façade of the great temple revealed before us. Thus meditating, there unfolded the true beauty of this Goddess of Love as she was conceived by the priests of old. Unlike the Roman Venus, the beauty of Hathor lies within, the embellishment of the spirit rather than perfection of feature. The Egyptians recognized that material beauty too often destroys that which is spiritual.



Looking from the roof of the temple at Dendera across the Valley of the Nile (to the right the ruined Pylon, to the left the "Birth House").

Thus there looked down upon us from the column capitals, a face, which at first glance appeared ugly, with big ears and coarse features. But as we grew accustomed to it, so its enchantment gripped us in a magic spell. For Hathor personifies Egypt herself. When first seen, the stranger cries out at the ugliness of the land, so flat, so dusty and so hideously dirty. The beauty of the tropics enthralls the newcomer at first sight, only to pall with time. Egypt's homeliness hides a soul, which, when once recognized, can never lose its charm.

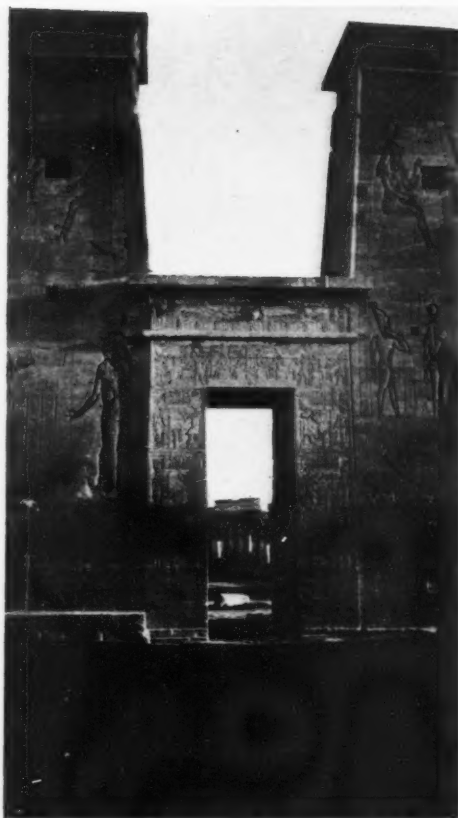
But those big ears of Hathor, what did they signify? This Goddess was an incarnation of Isis, the Divine Mother of Humanity. Thus, to Hathor, the Cow was made sacred, the creature which has become the Friend of Man, yielding the Milk of Human Kindness. What more beautiful diadem could Love wear?

Entering the dark temple we crept beneath the colossal columns decorating the hypostyle hall. The open book of history, unrolled upon the walls, abashed our wretched ignorance. The vanity of life amazed us, as we were engulfed in the Immortality of Time.

Passing through a second hall even more imposing than the first, we came to a third, containing the Holy of Holies, the Sanctuary of the Goddess. It was shielded by high walls and about it were chapels for the lesser deities. In one of these we found Nût, the Goddess of the Sky, her feet on the earth, her hands grasping the sun. Moon and stars girdled her waist, and in her smile played the magic of Egyptian Nights.

In the thickness of the wall rose a stair-case, and, step for step, there ascended on one side and descended on the other, a ghostly procession of

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The great Pylon of Philae, the Temple of Isis (note the Goddess on left of the gateway).

the Gods. Arriving on the flat roof, we found Atûm-Ra setting and filling the Valley with a violet light. Here we found a little chapel which had once housed the ancient astrologers and in which was discovered the original cycle of the Signs of the Zodiac. We watched the stars come out and we seemed again to see those ancients bending over their papyri, inscribing the horoscope of some new-born heir to Egypt.

Descending the staircase again, we stood before the Sanctuary. In the

deep purple of the gloom, we could swear we saw the silver tapestry which once had masked the entrance,—a sacred veil none might raise save the Pharaoh and the High Priest. Softly we passed over the threshold, to feel ourselves in the very presence of the Goddess herself. From her stately figure there seemed to radiate a dim mysterious light, and to our nostrils came the aromatic perfume of the incense ascending in the prayers to Hathor.

In one corner we found and raised a loose flag-stone. A narrow passage burrowed downward, tempting to explore. The stagnant air made progress difficult and the oppressive heat made the body heavily perspire. Our fingers, lightly touching the low walls on either side, felt the figures carved thereon writhe, as though they resented this human intrusion to their seclusion. Before us moved the white figure of our guide,—or was it the spirit of an Initiate treading again the dark and narrow Path which, leading to the empty sarcophagus, revealed the Truth that Death is Life, and that Love and Beauty never die.

THEBES

South of Dendera lies mighty Karnak, from which we ferried over to the wide Plain of Thebes. Here, four thousand years before, had stood the proudest capital the world has ever seen. With its buildings founded on the Rock of Faith, its grandeur stands today for man to marvel at. Is it possible for the present generation, losing its ideals of Faith and living for material gain, to build a Karnak that shall live throughout the ages?

A half-moon shone on Memnon (Amenhotep III) and once more peopled the vast City of the Dead

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on the western bank of the Nile. Here were the dwellings of the mummy-makers, tomb decorators, temple architects, and the guild of masons, founders of the Free-Masons of today. Amidst these humble mortal homes rose the mighty mortuary temples of dead Pharaohs—the stately Ramesseum with its plain columns like the lotus-bud, and, against the amber-colored cliffs of the desert, the graceful colonnades of Queen Hatshepsut's Garden of the Gods.

The twin colossi which once guarded the entrance to a temple, now stand in solitary grandeur, monstrous and infinitely aloof. Standing meekly at the knee of Man, we see the position to which the ancients delegated woman. And, even as we looked, we seemed again to hear that mysterious voice of Memnon crying in the wilderness, only the tenor of his tone was changed—"O Ra, not until Woman has grown to the full stature of Man shall the World know Peace and the Brotherhood of Nations be complete."

Southward again lies Edfou, the perfect temple of Horus, the Hawk God, who represents the immortality of the soul of man. Still further south and we come to Philae.

PHILAE

Philae, the Pearl of Egypt. That Enchanted Isle which once reflected its matchless beauty in the waters of the Nile beneath which its ruins are now submerged. We were blest by the gods, in that we knew Philae before the sublime sacrifice and, dry-shod, wandered about her courts and stately colonnades.

Passing beneath the great pylon, we noted the sacred symbol of the Winged Disc of the Sun carved above its lintel. Thus it was that man set



The Bath of Cleopatra and the columns of the colonnade at Philae. Note the water-mark of the flood before the heightening of the dam.

the seal of the Gods on their temples that they might live forever. The beauty and balance of this symbol has made it one known throughout the world; Ra, the Sun, circled by the Asps of Wisdom and radiating the Wings of Peace, which uplift the Soul to God. Surely, though the temples may lie in ruins, yet does their spirit live eternally and, though the sanctuaries be empty, still do they raise the thoughts of man on high.

The monuments of Egypt possess but little grace or delicacy of beauty,

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Laura Grover Smith.

Columns of the Ramesseum, the Temple of the Dead at Thebes (across from Luxor).

their grim architecture of monstrous hand-hewn slabs and shafts being masculine in character. Neither does their Egyptian setting render the attributes of woman, none of the soft langour of the tropics or the dainty pastoral of the west. Here we have the savage desert, grotesque hot rocks, and a dusty land burdened with primeval folk. In Philae alone of the temples may be traced a certain elusive charm, a grace of architecture which is feminine in distinction of line and in consequent variety. The capitals of the columns show an artistic mingling of the older designs, instead

of being all of the same pattern. There is perhaps a Greek influence at work in the purity and simplicity of the graceful curves of the date-palm leaves, the delicacy of papyrus reeds and the 'artistry of the lotus buds used in these capitals.

May not this peculiar charm of Philae be traced to the two feminine spirits which still haunt the Sacred Isle? For, if Isis was the presiding deity, so does the memory of Cleopatra echo from the walls. Isis, the Divine Mother, who, with Osiris and their son Horus, made up the Egyptian Trinity. Isis is generally presented as the Divine Woman holding the Key of Life in her hand. On her head rest the Horns of Hathor, symbolizing Love. Between them gleams the silver Disc of the Moon, the magic charm of the Eternal Feminine. Her slim body is often represented as sheathed in the Wings of Peace, that gracious serenity which is the prerogative of Woman.

Much as the present generation regrets the apparent sacrifice of the Pearl of Egypt to the waters of the Nile, surely Isis herself rejoices. As each year she bathes her lovely being in the fertile brown waters of the flood, does she not recognize that though her temple has vanished from mortal sight, yet it reappears again in the greater temple of humanity? For, with the stored waters of the Nile, the Children of Isis irrigate rich crops of rice and cotton, reaping a harvest of prosperity to the glory of the Mother of Egypt.

It was fitting, then, that this Divinity should be served by a Queen as High Priestess, by one who was so essentially a woman. For history, crabbed with dry facts, rarely seeks to discover the motives which, ap-

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parently evil of execution or disastrous in result, may have sprung from high ideals and noble sacrifice. Cleopatra inherited traditions tottering to decay, a people divided against themselves, and a faith failing in sincerity as its spirit was starved by the materialism of the age. She therefore fought with the best weapons the Gods had given her, wit and charm. With subtle cleverness she pitted the wolves of Rome against each other and, for a while, saved her helpless flock from destruction.

By a window looking towards the western desert, is a small tank sunken in the stone-paved floor. It is reputed by those wonderful traditions handed down by the Arabs, to be the bath of Cleopatra. As we stood beside it, we seemed to see it relined with marble tiles, filled with milk of asses for the preservation of seductive softness of the skin and the slaves ready with the perfumes and precious unguents. Thus, through the rose light of evening, came the Pharaoh to her bath. For a moment there was revealed to us the glory of this woman who chained the great Julius Caesar to her side and made imperial Antony her slave.

But from the bath there arises a new Cleopatra, divinity in her smile, worship in her eyes. For her slaves have robed her lovely limbs in the close-fitting garments of a priestess, and set upon her proud head the diadem of Isis. The sun sinks in a blaze of purple and gold, the court-yard echoes with the Evening Hymn to Isis and, faintly on the breeze, comes the mystic music of the sistra.

Standing in isolated grandeur, we came upon the Pharaoh's Kiosk in the fading light. To the fact that this building lacks the usual ponderous roof, may be attributed its air of



The flooding of Philae, incident to the building of the great dam at Assouan, which threatens to submerge the island with all its ruined temples.

lightness and of grace. But what more beautiful roof could an artist conceive than the sky of an Egyptian night? So far south as the Gateway of Nubia, the brilliant stars are never veiled, the nights are always warm, and the embracing arms of the river protect the island from the sand-storms. The logical purpose of the kiosk is that it was used as a hall for ceremonial purposes, it being quite unlike the usual structure of a temple. Pausing in the portal, we seemed to catch the low murmur of the priests and priestesses, the ministers and courtiers as they sat around the walls. They spoke in



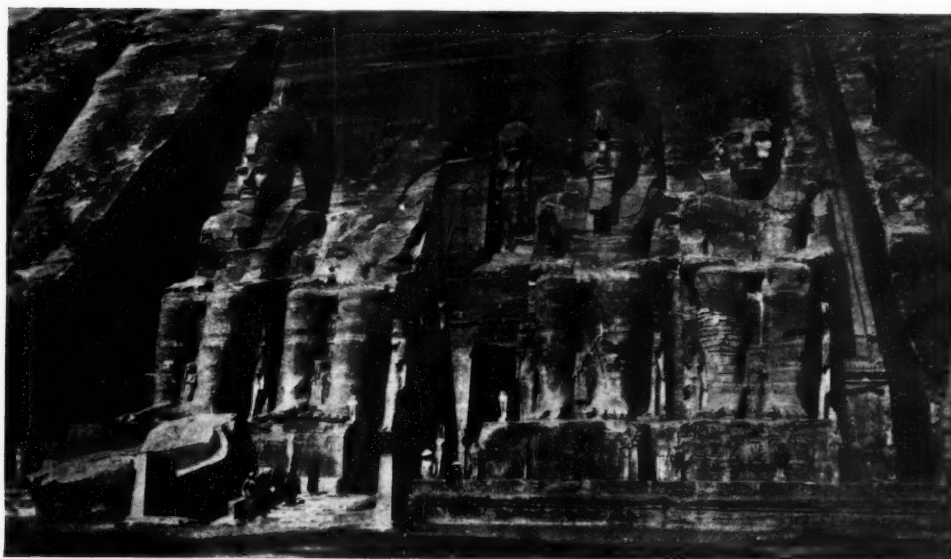
The Kiosk, or Hall of Council, at Philae, the Pearl of Egypt.

that lost language no mortal tongue can now pronounce, though we may read the hieroglyphic writings.

Raised above them all on a *daïs* at the further end, reclined the divine Pharaoh of all Egypt. The Grecian features of Cleopatra were too pronounced for strict beauty, but as she spoke we understood that magic charm of voice which had changed the destinies of men and written her name in letters of gold on the pages of romance and history. As we retraced our path the rich carvings on wall and column became clearer to the inner vision as night darkened, shutting out material influence. These expressions of early art are so primitive in character as to appear incomprehensible and often comic to the uninitiated eye. But as soon as their religious significance is understood the deep inspiration of the craft stands revealed. To the people, their Pharaoh was a divine being, the

living representative of the Omnipotent, just as Ammon portrayed in stone the "Hidden One." Thus his acts were imbued with the supernatural, his words with divine command. It is he alone who conquers the lesser nations, the chariot he drives crushes the enemies of Egypt beneath invincible wheels. Such conquest symbolized the Power of God, and it was only when Egypt lost her faith that her civilization fell.

The stilted postures of the figures on the walls, whether they be of Gods or men, do not necessarily represent the actual characteristics of the Egyptians, but demonstrate the limitations of the artists in perspective and lighting value. But in spite of these shortcomings, many of the antique sculptures, perhaps more than the engravings, stand forth as works of genius unrivalled by modern art. Into the famous Cow of Hathor in the Cairo Museum,



The Temple of the Sun-God, Ra-Horakhti, Abu Simbel (note the people by the fallen crown and the statues on the terrace).

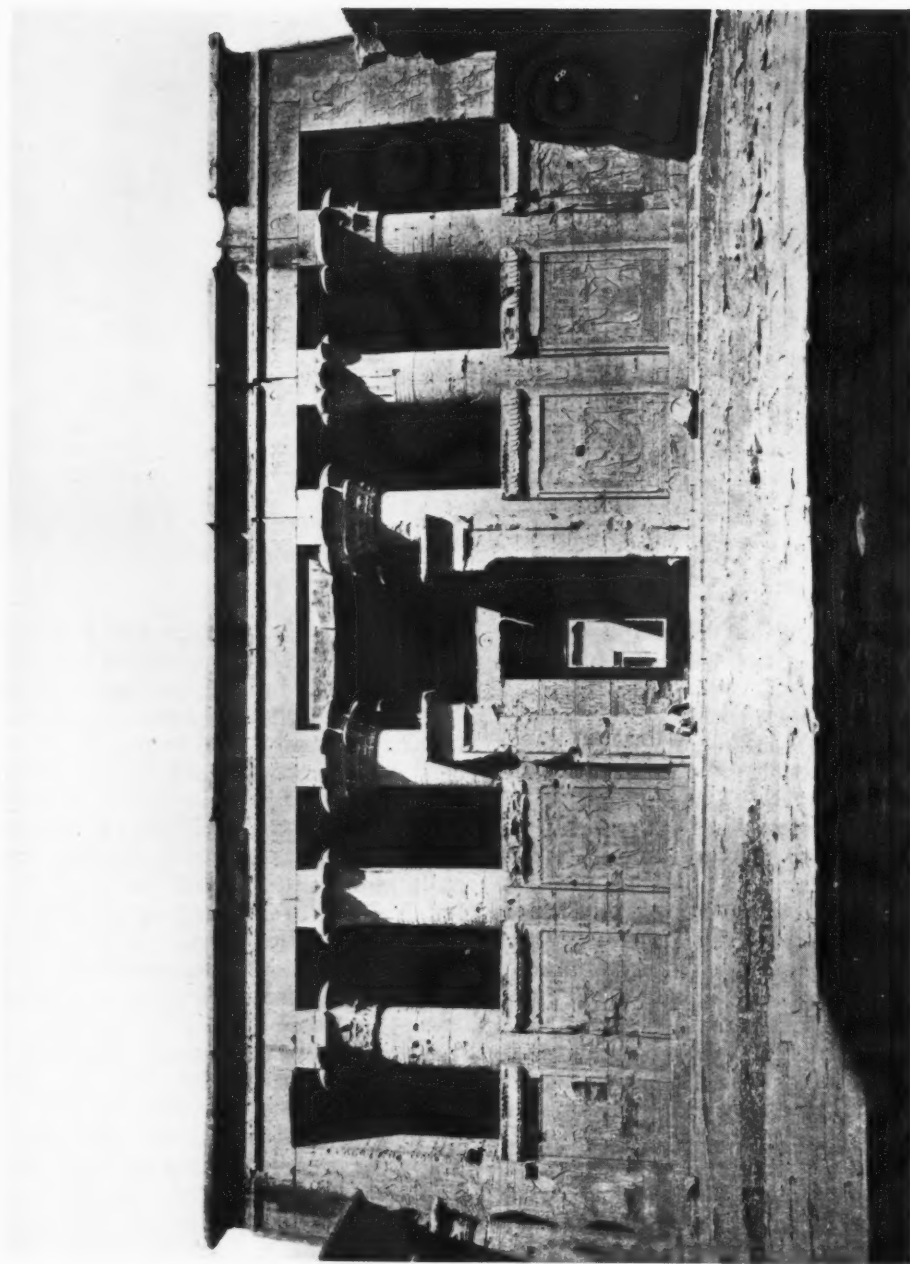
is breathed the inspiration of a living soul, and does not the wooden statue of the overseer reveal the virile spirit of the Egyptian people?

The art of the ancient Egyptians is singularly free from the taint of the impure, from such debased portrayals of the lower appetites of humanity as later degraded the art of Greece and Rome. There is a natural modesty about the picturization of the life of the nation which reveals the healthy morale of the people, and a simplicity of line in the architecture satisfying to true worshippers of beauty. For, whereas the art of Rome descended to the level of patricians satiated with wealth and pleasure, that of Egypt was founded on faith inspired by the worship of the Gods.

The same high standard of art is to be traced in the Egyptian jewelry. One might be tempted to think that here at least art was perverted from

religion to the vanity of personal adornment. But it must be remembered that the bulk of the jewels which have been discovered have come from the royal tombs and were therefore used for the adornment of the divine persons of the Pharaohs and his family. Especially beautiful is the Egyptian enamel work, exquisite in coloring and craft of execution. Nearly all of the jewelry has religious significance,—the hawk-head of Horus, the scarab of Kephri-Ra, the phallic symbol of Isis, the Asps of Wisdom, and the all-seeing Eye of Ammon.

As our felucca danced down the silver path cast on the waters of the Nile by the Evening Star of Hathor, we looked back on Philae lying black and tragic in her splendid isolation. The leaves of the date-palms drooped as funeral plumes over the gardens which had once been gay with the flowers tended by the priestesses of



Facade of the Temple of Horus at Edfou, Egypt.

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Isis. The flagstaff bracket-holes gaped black and empty, which had once so proudly supported the banners which had welcomed Cleopatra to the Pearl of her Empire. Thus we left the Enchanted Isle brooding on the glories of the past and calmly awaiting that final sacrifice of her material beauty which, freeing the spirit, should cause Philae to shine forth as the Light of Egypt to guide the Women of the Future.

ABU SIMBEL

If Philae rejoices in the soft sound of lapping waters, Nubia expresses a note of savage sands, the wild battle-cry of barbaric hordes, and the blood of sacrifice offered on altars of fanatical obsession. In the deep gorge of the Nile above the cataract of Assouan, the golden sands of the vast Sahara creep down to lap the waters with unquenchable thirst. Here life becomes a struggle for the survival of the fittest. The fertile waters of the Nile never overflow the rocky banks as in the Delta, nor are there any canals for irrigating the fields. All the precious water has to be raised by the ceaseless toil of men with buckets balanced on a pole, or by the water-wheel turned by patient cattle. Thus are raised the scanty crops of maize and millet, the date-palms and the melon vines. The inhabitants of this inhospitable land are black of skin, fierce and proud of countenance, indomitable warriors and true sons of the desert. To overawe these turbulent tribes, the Pharaohs erected forts along the gorge, and to inspire them with the omnipotence of the Gods of Egypt, in 1,300 B. C. Rameses II commanded the creation of a colossal temple like unto none other. It was dedicated to Ra-Horakhti, the old Sun-God of On. The site is now known as Abu Simbel.

As the pearly tint which heralds the approach of dawn crept into the purple sky, we climbed the steep bank which the little steamer hugged. A narrow path led through a strip of bean and barley fields glistening with the heavy dew. A blue mist veiled the site, making mysterious our progress towards the hidden Temple of the Sun. Suddenly the pale-green crops, vibrant with the stir of sap, musical with the cadence of insects, gave place to the sterile sands of the desert, cold and dead, which poured down the face of the cliff which barred our path. Though the impenetrable mist still shut out our view, we instinctively felt ourselves in the mute presence of divine Mystery.

There came a shuddering little puff of breeze like the sigh of a waking sleeper. It swayed the blue curtain of the mist as though some unseen hand were laid upon the sacred fringe. We felt our breath suspended as we watched the veil part and, rolling aside, reveal the four gigantic figures of the Pharaoh. Cold and serene they sat in the silver sheen of dawn watching for the rising of the Sun. Aloof and impassive they stared in the Eye of the East waiting for the Flame of Life which had lit their world for four thousand years.

From the golden sandstone of the desert cliff, the master-artists of a bygone age had carved the living spirit of Man's Evolution. Of the four figures, one had failed to gain the goal. In his composition lurked a fatal flaw, and the crown, won with such patient toil in upward progress, had fallen to the earth, obliterating forever the features of the man whose spirit had failed.

Ascending the sloping way we stood on the terrace ornamented with great statues of Osiris and the Hawk of

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Horus, typifying Night and Day, Death and Life. The pearly light fell on one of the figures of Osiris, so that it stood forth with startling mobility from the deep amber tones of the background of the temple. Few statues possess the commanding majesty of this dread Judge of the Dead. On his head rests the white crown of the Soul, his hands grasp the symbols of the Male and Female, Power in the Flail of Punishment, Compassion in the Crook of Mercy. Very awesome is the Lord Osiris and, as we stood before his majesty, instinctively we too crossed our hands upon our breast and murmured those mystic words from the Book of the Dead and graven on the scarab, "O let not my Heart witness against me."

Not yet had the sun risen as we passed through the narrow dark door which, set in the midst of the colossal façade, seemed to be indeed that Eye of the Needle through which only those threads refined by the spinning of a selfless life could safely pass. The interior was still wrapped in heavy slumber, though the subconscious self detected a faint stirring of life in the colossi supporting the lofty roof on either side. Drawn forward, we stopped beside the entrance to the sanctuary wrapped in impenetrable gloom.

A moment of suspense and, suddenly, the temple was flooded with golden light. For Kephri-Ra had risen and directed his regenerating ray straight through the temple door. The shaft of light penetrated to the Holy of Holies revealing the four Divinities sitting in solemn state. It was one of those thrilling moments which come so rarely in a mortal life, a glimpse of unveiled Omnipotence. In but few of

the sanctuaries of Egypt do the Gods remain undesecrated by time and the hand of man. Here they sat in awful majesty, inscrutable and immortal. Though for thousands of years no incense had risen before them, still the aromatic perfume clung about their altars. Though no priests bent before them, yet the air thrilled to the chanting of the morning Hymn to Ra. Though the Nubians who once had prostrated themselves before these Gods now responded to the muezzin's call to worship Allah, yet the whole atmosphere echoed with prayers ascending to the same Omnipotence through His medium of Ra-Horakhti.

All too soon the spell was broken as the sun, rising beyond the lintel of the door, wrapped the temple once again in the mystery and darkness of the past.

As we emerged from the temple we looked out over a world transformed from the cold death of night into the radiant life of day. Pigeons fluttered about the villages from which rose the blue smoke of breakfasts, and the water-wheels sang their song as the wooden cogs came together. The scent of the beans filled the warm air with delight and the drone of the bees started that ceaseless round of toil which leads upward to the final freedom.

Turning backward to look on the golden façade of Abu Simbel clipped in the arms of the desert, our eye was arrested by the figure of Ra-Horakhti graven above the lintel of the temple door. He appeared to stand forth with startling vividness, dominating the land of Nubia with the divine Power of the Sun, symbolic of the Life Immortal.

Hollywood, California.



Costumes on a Fifth Century Vase. Metropolitan Museum.

ANCIENT COSTUME AND MODERN FASHION

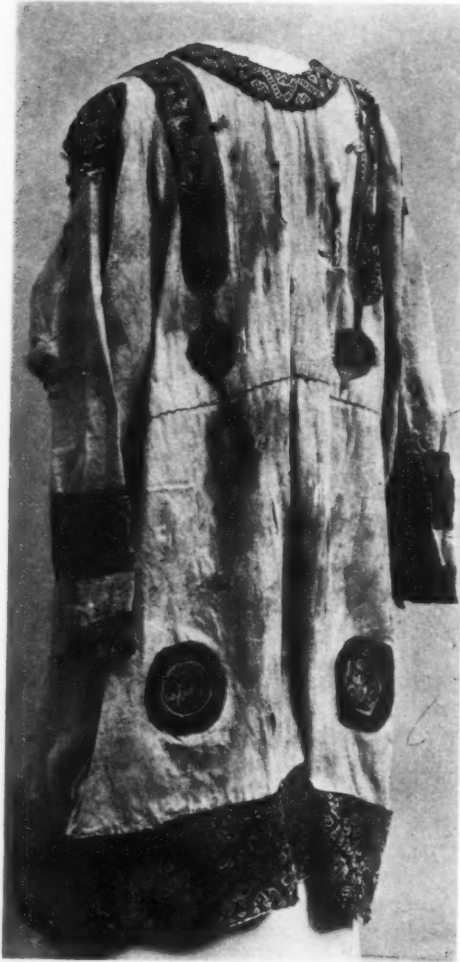
By MARY MACALISTER

WITHIN the past few years art in dress has become an accomplished fact, and historic costume as a serious subject of art research has developed new and fascinating possibilities. The far-reaching archaeological connections of the subject have been especially emphasized as recent discoveries and excavations have more and more brought to light the manner of dress in the ancient world. The trend of fashion a few years ago took a turn far backward into antiquity. What was worn in the days of the Pharaohs was made to seem new, interpreted by Parisian designers who dip into ancient history with such careless aplomb, and flit with ease from one epoch to another, from early Egyptian to Victorian days before yesterday.

It is acknowledged that it is this facile dexterity in combining past and

present, the ability to cull suggestions from other eras, and endow them with the personal touch of today—and tomorrow—that has given the French designers their supremacy in dictating modern fashions. In the field of stage costume design there has been much rivalry in European centers, while in America the desire to create in all fields of costume design has already had very practical results. There are now plenty of opportunities for training in this branch of art. We have not only the numerous special courses offered in art schools, but still more important, the co-operation of museums and art reference libraries, opening up avenues of special knowledge only waiting to be utilized by individuals. And the study of the evolution of costume has a wide interest going far beyond the merely professional one. In the glass of fashion

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A garment of Coptic Egypt, fourth to sixth century A. D., well cut and elaborately trimmed. Metropolitan Museum, New York.

down the ages is presented such a wealth of human associations of universal interest.

EGYPT

For the beginnings of civilized costume we must go back to the source of most civilized things, the Valley of the Nile. In Egypt at some remote un-

known dates were evolved the original types of covering for the human body—the tunic, the robe, the skirt accompanied by shawl or cape. These were all worn with few variations by both men and women. Man did not really adopt the present nondescript and uniform attire prescribed by civilization till the beginning of the nineteenth century A. D. it is to be remembered. Modern interpretations of Egyptian costume have an air that is dashing and bizarre; in reality the Egyptians were conservative in costume as in all else. They appear to have kept on with the same fashions century after century, though archaeology has now progressed far enough for experts to say that certain things were fashionable in such and such a dynasty. In periods when all the arts flourished most dress became less primitive. The recent discovery of the tomb of King Tutankhamen illustrates a very brilliant period of course. Linen was the principal material used and the highly decorative effects were usually obtained by borders and fringes. Skins were worn, garments of gazelle hide, cut and seamed, and panther and leopard skins thrown over the shoulders. A warrior's metal cuirass appears, formed of scales, and it was imitated in all-over scale patterns.

With the aid of a little imagination we can conjure up from the remote past typical Egyptian figures. Most familiar, through having been adapted by modern fashion, is the clinging or wrapped style of garment extending from ankles to bust, with a deep, ornamental collar worn over the shoulders. The marked physiognomy was often surrounded by a wig, with a diadem placed low on the forehead. Head-dresses show varied and elaborate symbolic forms, the uraeus in front of

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the tall helmet, or skull cap shapes, is familiar. The most recent excavations have unearthed rich treasures in jewelry. The art of Egyptian lapidaries and goldsmiths is shown in necklaces, bracelets, earrings, girdles and finger-rings of exquisite workmanship. The innumerable little jars and boxes for cosmetics, and the metal hand-mirrors, are witnesses of how much of life was vanity, then as now.

All these things belonged to the luxurious side of ancient life, but Egyptian art records the humbler phases too. There are figures of dark-skinned slaves brought to the Nile ports in war-galleys from the African interior, wearing the primitive loin-cloth, or the short skirt, which were commonly worn by servants and peasants, and by scribes. Strange foreign figures are sometimes portrayed, of Asiatic envoys, and "Philistines" with a distinctive head-dress and European cast of features. Many different notes in the garb of old Egypt throw light on the daily life of the people.

MESOPOTAMIA

The Assyrians were somewhat more elaborate in their dress than the Egyptians. Their kings, at least, wore long tunics, small shawl draperies fastened to girdles, and many dangling tassels. The ancient Assyrian head-dress, the fez, or tarbush, has persisted to the present day. Wool was used as well as linen, and furs in hunting costume. There was more embroidery than in Egypt. An illustration in a recent costume book of the tunic of King Assur-bani-pal, seventh century B. C., richly embroidered and fringed, is a model for a modern tunic, just as it is shown. Another king of antiquity, the great and terrible Darius of Persia, is shown in a robe draped



Two offering bearers of Egypt. About 2000 B. C. One is in the Metropolitan Museum, the other in Cairo.

rather elegantly on either side with the aid of a tight girdle. He wears a high crown and earrings, and carries in his right hand a tall cane, and in his left a sort of symbolic scepter.

CRETE

Many centuries before the period of Darius, in the Minoan era, in the island of Crete, appear to have been worn quite the most amazing clothes in the ancient world. Archaeologists have taught us to regard the Minoan era as the "Forerunner of Greece,"

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The Cretan Snake Goddess and votary reproductions in American Museums.

but nothing could be farther from classic draperies than the costume of the two famous little faience figures of the snake goddess and votary, date about 1600 B. C., that, in bodices so tightly laced, and skirts so distended, seem actually barbaric forerunners of eighteenth or nineteenth century court fashions of France. These doll-like figures are symbolic, doubtless used in the performance of sacred rites. However a few other discoveries have furnished evidence that this was a prevailing mode for women of Crete, and the Greek mainland also.

GREECE

Though little is known about the earliest Greek costume and the transitions to the later style, the Heroic Age of Greek story and legend must have been one of bright-hued garments and rich gold ornaments. Modern

knowledge obtained from the excavations of Mycenae and Tiryns points to a very real background for Homeric traditions. Details are wanting, and we do not know exactly in what attire to picture the women who lived when fair Helen is supposed to have beguiled her victims, and Penelope kept her lonely state. For modern representations of old Greek dramas founded on the Heroic Age, costumes are chosen with some latitude as to time and place. Stephen Philipps' modern play of "Ulysses" was first brought out in London twenty years ago, and authorities of the British Museum lent their aid in designing the superb setting and costumes according to the latest knowledge then available. Architectural details were based on the discoveries at Mycenae, but the characters were dressed from artistic suggestions of a later date. A little more information is available nowadays, and producers have made some experiments in accuracy.

Fortunately Greek costume of the highest period of civilization is so fully illustrated in the multitude of figures on fifth and fourth century vases that they are veritable mines of suggestion. There are most charming figures to be found, in those attitudes of rhythmic grace and vivid action that are still the despair of modern gymnastics and "beauty culture." Vase paintings are not the only source of knowledge, there are the little Tanagra statuettes in terracotta, petite fashion models of everyday Hellenic costume, full of style and distinction that have such an intimate appeal even without the color that once made them more life-like. Greek costume was not so monotonous as it may at first seem to have been. The tunic, or chiton, is long or short,

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and varied in the adjustment, the mantle, or himation, is disposed in different ways, and there are borders and small-figured ornament. Beauty of coloring has always to be imagined. Much of what looks like "accordion pleating" appears, and when some Maenad or Bacchante wears a leopard skin over her transparent pleated draperies there is an exotic effect such as strikes the modern fancy. There are scarfs, and fans, and pointed hats, and jewelry has ceased to be of barbaric design and profusion. And what coiffure has ever been designed more becoming than the Greek—if becoming at all? Modern fashion, since the First Empire modes, has not tampered much with the Greek high period until recently. A combination of the untrammelled figure and drapery sent designers straight back to it. Goddesses may be out of tune with the modern scheme of things, but there are always a few women who look their best in evening gowns of classic lines.

There are late Greek fashions of the era when Oriental influences in the wealthy and flourishing Greek colonies must have produced changes, and these have not been so thoroughly investigated as more ancient modes.

ROME

The Romans followed the Greek style of dress so generally that their costume does not present many features of special interest. We picture the Roman lady as a conventional, dignified figure, in her stola, falling in ample folds from neck to feet, adjusted by a girdle. The palla was an outer garment, and a fold of it was used to cover the head out-of-doors, by matrons of high degree; further protection was afforded by the parasol or umbrella carried by slaves. The famous toga



Asiatic Greek Figurine shows varied type of drapery. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

of the Roman citizen is an appalling garment for the modern man to contemplate, though we do not question its ancient dignity. In magnificent triumphal processions there must have been varied costumes. The proud Eastern beauty, Zenobia, walked in chains as a captive in such a triumph. The hero of the occasion rode standing in a chariot, clothed in tunic and toga of purple embroidered with gold, and he carried an ivory scepter topped with an eagle, while over his laurel-crowned head a slave held a gold wreath. The slave had also another duty to perform—at intervals he whis-

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Asiatic Greek Figurine shows varied type of drapery.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

pered in the ear of the hero the strange warning: "Look behind. Remember that you are but a man." The triumphal chariot was preceded by dancers and singers, and followed by soldiers in brilliant military trappings, their spears garlanded with laurel. In everyday life the proverbial Roman luxury and lavish expenditure were for the accessories of dress—jewels, elegant foot-gear, and the elaborate equipments of the toilet and bath.

Silk was used in Rome as a costly material difficult to obtain, but it is well known that the secrets of silk culture, and the weaving of silken fabrics, reached Europe from China by way of the Eastern Roman Empire in Byzantium. China was advanced in the textile arts far back in antiquity. Sculptured figures of the T'ang period have clinging draperies in graceful lines that are Greek in suggestion, though more complicated in style. Recent archaeological explorations in the mysterious and debatable lands on the western borders of China, and north of India, have disclosed an ancient art showing varied Oriental and Classical influences. Interesting notes on costume are to be gathered from the decoration of cave temples of this region.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Roman Constantinople had a busy and bustling cosmopolitan atmosphere, and even in antiquity the rich products of all the East came to her gates. It is easy to understand that there were contacts of refinement and barbarism new to the world, which produced the prodigal luxury and sumptuous display that reached a climax at the sixth century court of Justinian and the beautiful Theodora. But Byzantine art is not of a character to illustrate costume very freely. A search for Byzantine fashions always leads to an Italian church, San Vitale, at Ravenna, where a mosaic group shows Theodora and her attendants in a style of costume that is already mediaeval. The empress is wrapped in a long cloak, heavily embroidered, and she wears a coronet and deep collar of pearls. Her ladies wear short mantles, and the dresses beneath are really dresses in the modern sense.

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Garments were cut and sewed more than the ancient ones, and sleeves became a prominent feature. Remains of the Coptic period in Egypt show this development was widespread. As time went on there was the greatest progress in weaving patterned fabrics, and some stuffs were stiff with jewelled ornamentation. The simplicity of costume of the ancient world was succeeded by the brilliant pageantry that is presented by the garb of the Middle Ages.

Yet some very ancient influences in costume have survived in out-of-the-way places, and to seek out these survivals and preserve them before they disappear, is part of the province of modern investigations. This was done in Russia, and few people stop to think how much of the fame and vogue of the Russian ballet, and the Russian opera and drama, is due to the painstaking research and extensive resources which were at the disposal of Russian costume designers. The Russian, or "Muscovite," artistic developments include such a bewildering variety of influences—Byzantine, Scandinavian, Mongolian, Greco-Scythian—all these and others are to be found.

PREHISTORIC AMERICA

Visiting art critics from abroad sometimes wonder that Americans have not made more use of the aboriginal art of the Western Continent (in spite of the Taos productions) and seem not to realize that it has never been part of our previous civilization, but is in fact more detached and alien than the ancient traditional art of the Old World. North American costume of the immediate past is all that we have to go upon in picturing northern Indians of distant epochs. Experts think it has not changed



Tanagra Figurine about 300 B. C. Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

much, except for a few garments imitating the cut of civilized ones, and the bead-work and aniline dyes which are modern. It is beautiful in color combinations and some textures, yet primitive in a way that has balked translation by fashion artists; whatever has been done has not amounted to much.

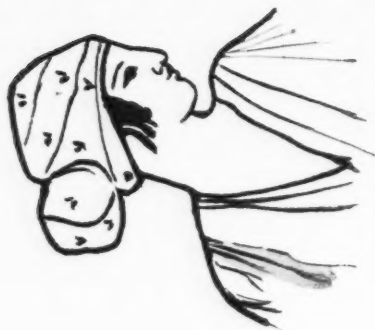
The little that is known of Central and South American ancient costume indicates types of a different character,



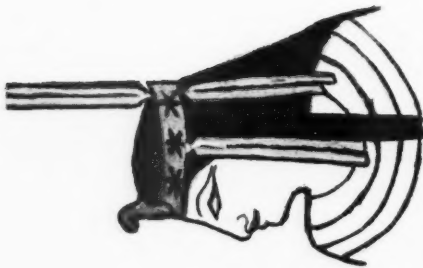
From a Tanagra Figurine.



From a Russian Costume Book.



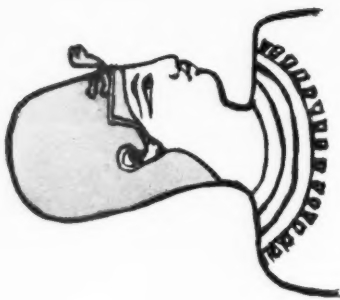
From a Greek Vase.



The Gold Diadem of a Princess.



Egyptian Feathered Head-dress.



The Familiar Helmet Cap.

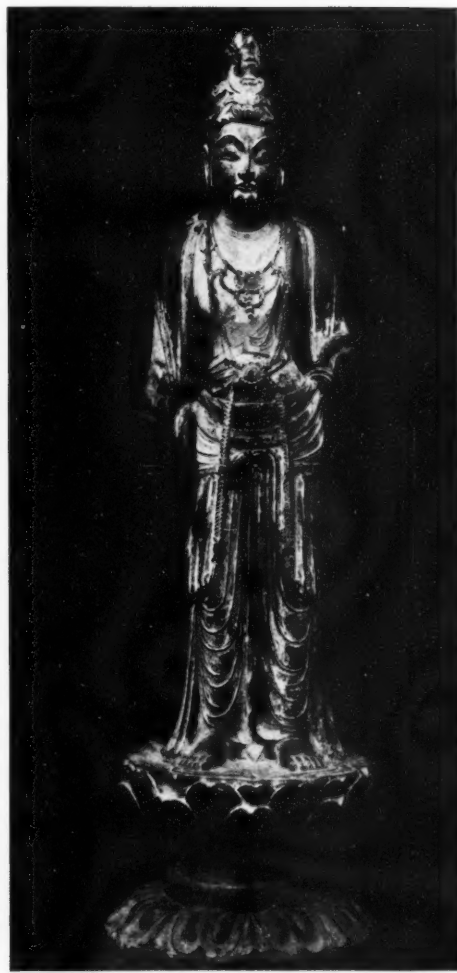
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North American Indian Costume, University Museum, Philadelphia.

more elaborate and varied, showing something of those more advanced conditions of civilization which have been so much of a puzzle to the learned experts. There are strikingly distinctive styles of adornment, of which the Mayan type seems the most developed, with such strange forms of head-dresses, and massive gold ornaments, as are not to be found among Old World peoples. The textiles of

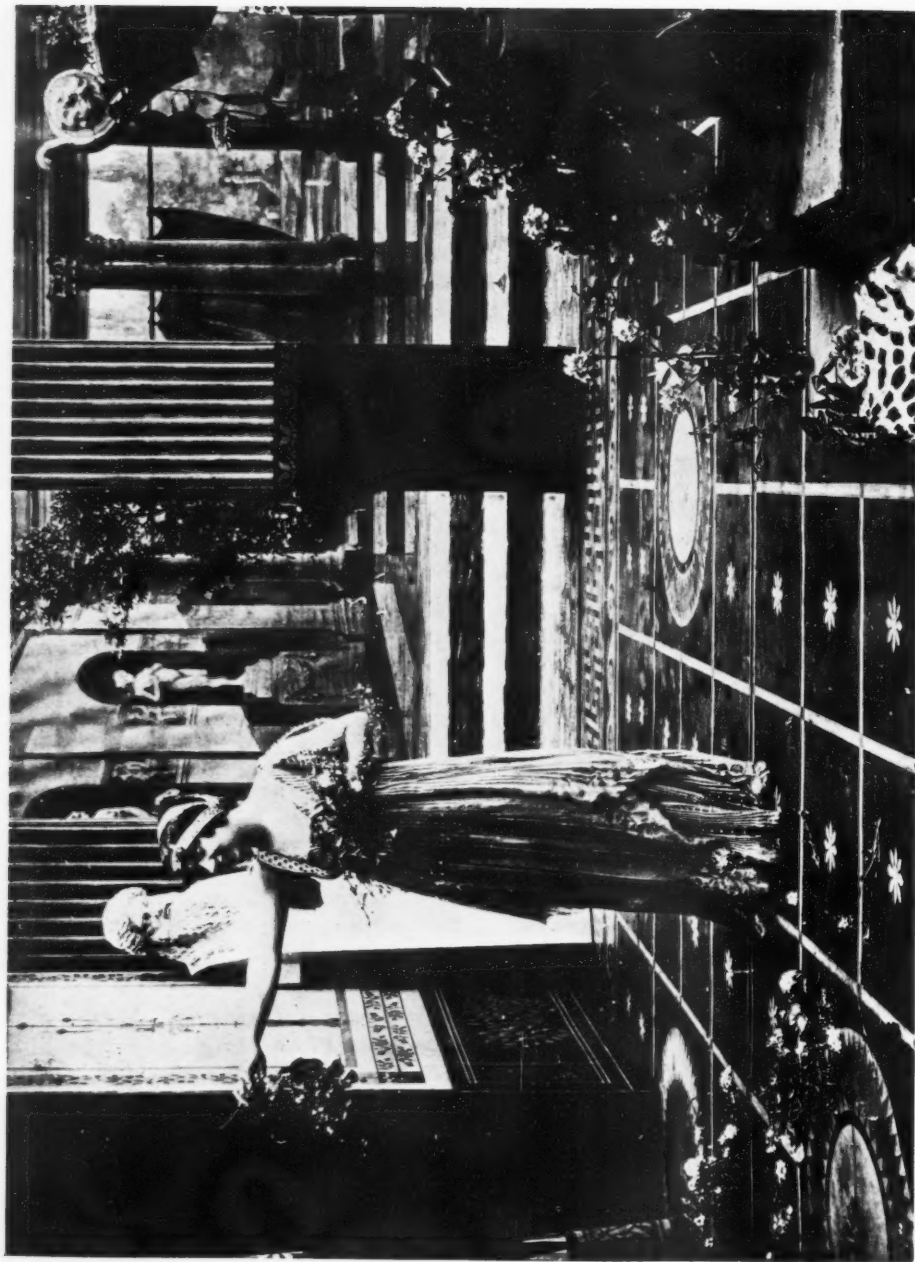
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An elaborate mode of Ancient China is shown in this Buddhist statue of the T'ang Period. University Museum, Philadelphia.

ancient Peru are now well known for fine quality of weaving and originality of design. Perhaps sometime in the future a really great opera will be written, founded upon some legend of prehistoric America, and there will be an opportunity for effects in scenery and costumes in a style of primitive art that has not been exploited to any great extent.

Philadelphia, Pa.



George Klein.
The blind Nydia is awaiting the return of Claucus in the peristyle of his house. Note the herm, the statues in niches, the wall decorations, the fluted pillar, and the floor. (From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

ARCHAEOLOGY AND MOVING PICTURES

By B. L. ULLMAN

THE invention of photography gave a great impetus to the study of archaeology, as of other sciences. The camera is one of the first things which the exploring archaeologist thinks of when he prepares for an expedition. The resulting photographs and lantern slides are indispensable to him in the printed and oral reports of his work. Indeed, his reports necessarily are very often merely explanations of his pictures.

For the scholar whose research is done in the museum or the library, for the teacher who reports the work of others, photographs are just as indispensable.

Just as the invention of still photography has proved to be the beginning of a new era in archaeology, just so, in my opinion, the invention of motion pictures is destined to mark another era. We have been slow to recognize that fact, if, as I hold, it is a fact. It seems that in the many years that I have held this belief, there has been little indication of an appreciation of the situation. Many persons still have the impression that there is a great fire hazard in the use of all types of machines and that elaborate booths have to be provided and various preparations made to comply with the law and with ordinary rules of safety. There are, however, types of machines as portable as stereopticons which can be set up and operated simply in any room.

My aim in this paper is to call attention to several phases of archaeological work in which the use of motion pictures seems desirable and valuable.

I do not plan to exhaust the possibilities, by any means.

In the work of actual excavation motion pictures may often prove useful. There will be times when they alone can decide a seemingly small but vital point about the finding of some important object. The testimony of eye-witnesses may be conflicting or doubtful, the still photographs, numerous though they be, may tantalizingly fail to include a view at the crucial moment. It is true, perhaps, that an accurate record and a few still pictures taken at the time of the finding of the Venus de Milo would have solved, or rather prevented the mystery of that celebrated statue. Yet *motion* pictures would have settled the matter beyond question. One is inclined to wish that some of the archaeological finds and even excavations had not been made before the advent of the fully equipped archaeologist. On the other hand, to mention the Venus de Milo again by way of example, the world would have been deprived for a century of a very important artistic and therefore civilizing influence.

Another illustration of the usefulness of motion pictures at the time of exploration: Professor Robinson relates his experience in opening a tomb and seeing for one fleeting instant the body of a young woman apparently perfectly preserved, together with all the accessories found in ancient tombs, but in a moment the whole crumbled to dust. The modern atmosphere was apparently too much for the ancient lady. It is perhaps possible that if motion pictures could be taken by



George Kleine

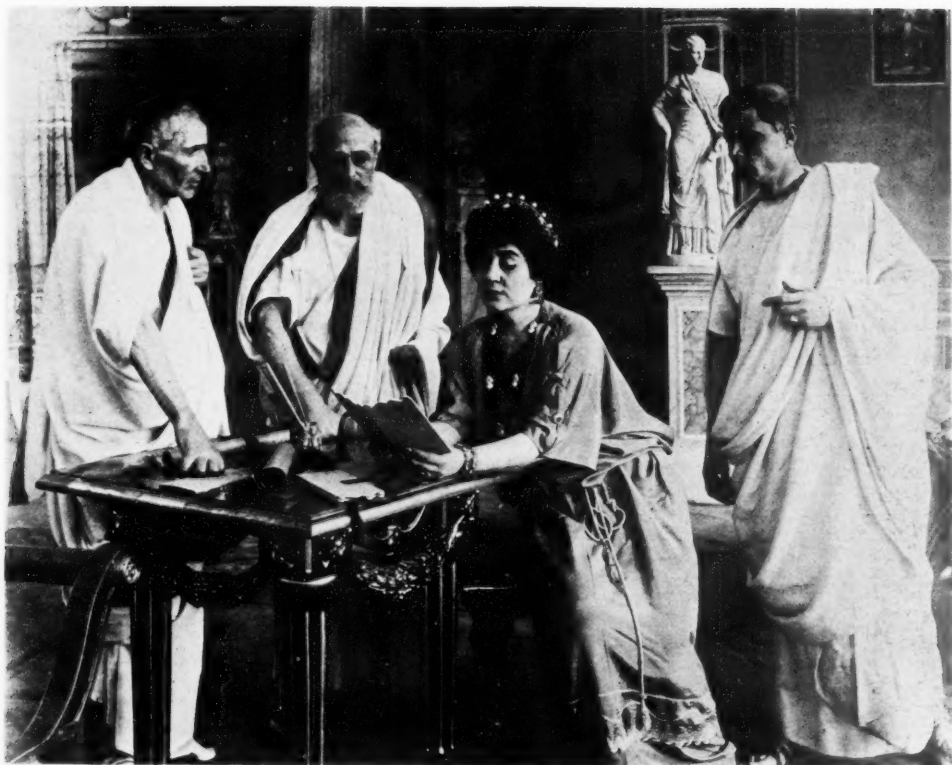
Pompey and Caesar. The contrast between the senatorial and military uniform is strikingly illustrated. Suetonius tells us that Caesar affected tunics with fringed sleeves. The sandals and the lady's dress deserve notice. (From "Julius Caesar.")

artificial light on such an occasion they could reproduce for all of us this rare and wonderful sight and restore the credibility of its witnesses in the eyes of such sceptics as my ten-year old son, who flatly denied the possibility of such a miracle.

A beginning has indeed been made in the use of motion pictures at the time of excavation. Count de Prorok has been showing motion pictures of the work being done at Carthage. Archaeology has found its way to the

front page of the newspaper as a result of the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen. What an opportunity to follow up the interest thus aroused by showing motion pictures of every stage of the excavations in every theatre in the world!

There are certain things which can be shown much better with motion than with still pictures. A number of still photographs of a statue, taken from different points of view, give a fair idea of it, but would it not be much



George Kleine.

A Roman interior showing wall decorations and statuary, papyrus rolls and wax tablets, the plain white togas of Roman citizens and the purple-edged togas (*praeetextae*) of senators. (From "Julius Caesar.")

more satisfactory in some cases to have moving pictures taken while the statue was slowly revolved on a turntable?

One of my own intense joys is the interior of the Pantheon at Rome, with its simple and majestic coffered ceiling. No photograph, no drawing can do it justice. Perhaps motion pictures could not do much better, but I should like to see a trial made. Many other impressive monuments can be shown to much better advantage in this way.

In many cases it is difficult, even with the careful use of plans, to make clear with still pictures the actual arrangement of a group of rooms or buildings. I have in mind a group of

ruins such as Hadrian's villa, or the palace at Cnossus. A skilfully executed series of motion pictures might make such buildings more comprehensible and hence more interesting. Moving pictures taken from airplanes would be especially useful.

Plans are now under way for making available films showing various scenes of archaeological interest. We can hardly say, however, that the very best way of taking such scenes has as yet been worked out. I look forward to the time when we can select for a lecture a film showing, for example, the Forum, just as we now select a lantern slide or a photograph. Not that the



George Kleine.

A triumphal procession. The band of *cornicines* is in front. The *triumphator* stands on a float. Trophies and standards are being carried by soldiers. (From "Antony and Cleopatra.")

moving picture will supersede the lantern slide—rather, the two will be used most effectively together.

But my chief interest in moving pictures in their relation to archaeology lies along another line. Archaeology is more than the excavation of ancient sites, than the comparative study of museum specimens, than the multitudinous other activities covered by the programs of the Archaeological Institute. All these are in a sense but means to an end. That end is the

faithful reproduction of the life of the past. The older archaeologists and artists who "restored," alas too often wrongly, the broken statues found in their time, had the right end in view, but they used the wrong means. The modern archaeologist, on the other hand, perhaps occasionally forgets the end which he should keep in view. Restorations of plaster casts of statues, restorations of buildings in the form of drawings, paintings, or models are very desirable. The new plan of ex-

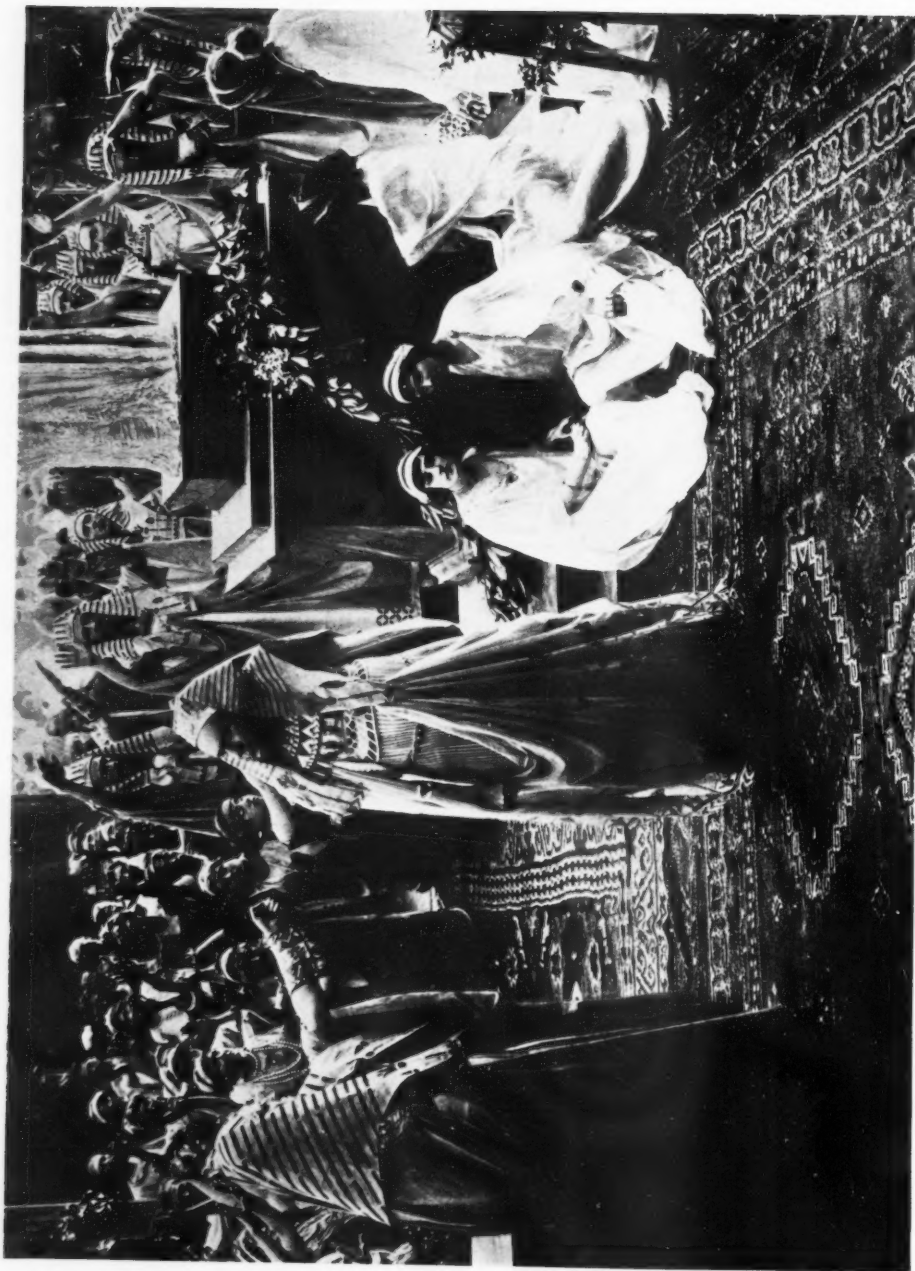


George Kleine.

On the left, a typical Roman temple with high podium; on the right, a triumphal arch. Note also the Roman railing (*cancelli*). (From "Spartacus.")

cavation adopted at Pompeii, that of leaving all finds *in situ* and of attempting to give as faithful a representation as possible of the ancient city is highly commendable. One could wish that it had been begun much sooner. I should myself gladly prefer a Pompeii excavated to only half its present extent, provided it were all excavated according to the latest plan. The Pompeia at Saratoga, with its charming restoration of the House of Pansa, was most valuable. It is now unfortunately closed to the general public and is not being kept in its former condition. But all this is not enough. We need to restore scenes from ancient life with actual people. The Greek and Roman plays which have often been given with great attention to archaeological accuracy are among the finest expressions of the effort to recreate antiquity

—the real aim of archaeology. Yet these plays represent but a small phase of the ancient civilization, and besides they last but a few hours—after weeks and months of preparation—and are seen by relatively few people. Such plays should be perpetuated in moving pictures. But we need much more than plays. We need all sorts of scenes depicting older civilizations. Just as we now make use of restored drawings of the Roman Forum or the Acropolis at Athens, a Pompeian house or a Greek temple, so we ought to have moving pictures showing restored views of these and hundreds of other places, with the ancient inhabitants, so to speak, going about their daily business. While the production of such films would be expensive, I am confident that they would eventually pay for themselves



The priests of Isis in the temple at Pompeii. (From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

George Kleine.

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and even prove profitable. The limit to the number of such scenes would be set only by our knowledge of the facts and the creative imagination without which archaeology cannot reach its highest expression.

We have, indeed, some such scenes already available. The producers of moving picture plays have at times used what may be called archaeological materials as settings for their plays. Notable among these are the Roman plays produced in Italy and distributed in this country by Mr. George Kleine. Some slight idea of the wealth of archaeological detail and its fidelity may be obtained from the accompanying illustrations. I understand that competent archaeologists were employed to work out the details. It is stated that two professors of archaeology supervised the production of "Julius Caesar." Several hundred bust figures and herms of solid marble were used and great care was taken to avoid anachronisms in their use. Archaeological accuracy in such details as furniture, wall decorations, and writ-

ing materials was sought and substantially attained.

Motion pictures give actual life to dead scenes. The furniture, the houses suddenly become real and intimate. The layman feels that he is witnessing phases of a genuine civilization, not one which after all has seemed to him the semi-mythical concoction of imaginative poets and historians.

When archaeologists can take the lead in the production of such material as I have suggested they will be able to do much toward extending the influence of archaeological study. It remains for some one, or rather some group, to seize the great opportunity before us. The formation of the Sacred Films Corporation with its plan to film Bible stories, and especially the employment of so competent an archaeologist as Edgar J. Banks, is a move in the right direction. The outcome of his more recent activity in filming historical and archaeological subjects, as described by him in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*, January, 1923, will be watched with interest by all.

University of Iowa.

THE DEAD OF EGYPT

By ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

Upon the great dawn's threshold, once we led
Man's youthful legend on to deed and thought;
In brazen panoplies we marched and fought
Great empires founded upon might and dread,

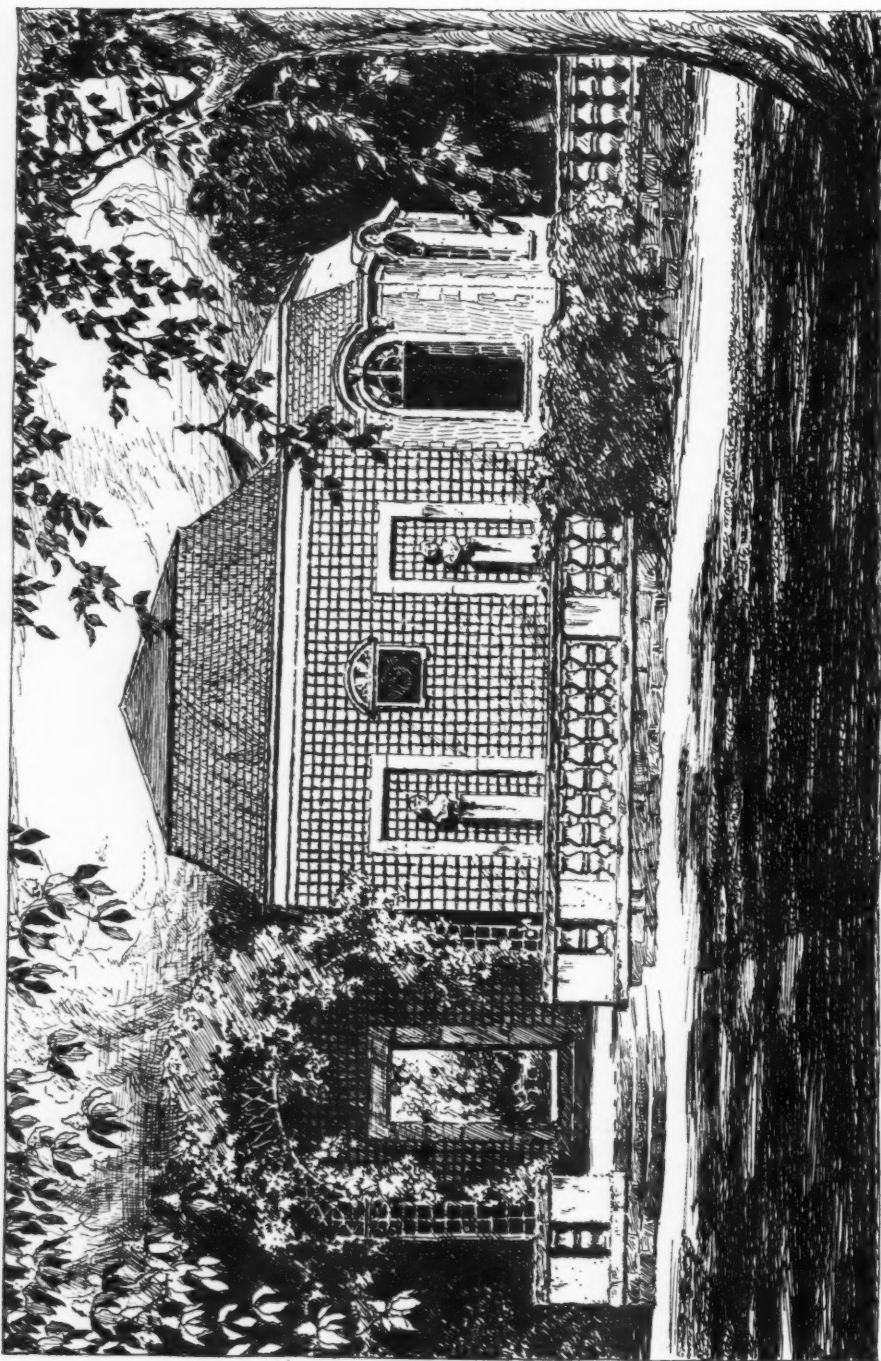
And battled them until their power fled
To air and dust. Enflamed with life, we sought
The fountains of eternity, and wrought,
On deathless granite-walls against Time's tread.

And temples forested with columns rose
As sculptured songs of lotus and of palm;
And in the magic of the sun's gold rays,

Our Kings, embattled with the amber calm
Of Sphinx-souled pyramids, defy the throes
Of death and sing the hymn of bygone days.

By the Pyramid of Sakkara, April, 1914.

Reprinted by permission from "*Lights at Dawn*," Boston, 1917.



"La Maison de Sylvie." Pen drawing by Rudolph Stanley-Brown.



By KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN

Illustrated by Rudolph Stanley-Brown

THE eighteenth century often gives one the effect of an unnatural duality. It is like a slab of black marble to which has been applied heavy gilt ornament. Its grace and elegance were coupled with a sinister skill for intrigue, its art was gaudy and yet magnificent, the pomps and pageants of the nobility were staged against a background of abject poverty. And yet within its span one finds most lyric passages, tender love-stories and pure visions. The Maison de Sylvie—lattice and little—almost hidden by its encircling forest is such a one. Amid the immensities of the chateau of Chantilly, that museum of memories and souvenirs of the Condé family and their illustrious friends, it stands as straight and simple a little building as one of its nearby forest trees.

From the single tower which was Chantilly in the ninth century, the chateau has developed at the hands of the Constable Anne of Montmorency

in the sixteenth, the Grand Condé in the seventeenth, and the Duc d'Aumale in the nineteenth century to its present state. There are those who will never find in the magnificent Écuries of the eighteenth century, the terraced gardens, and the Salle des Singes, where bizarre little creatures disport themselves among Chinese pagodas, remarkable as they all are, adequate compensation for the loss of the early feudal manor. Still as a setting—a stage setting—for the idle gallantries of the eighteenth century, the chateau of Chantilly in its present state is perfect.

The huge park is cut by twelve long alleys which diverge from a central "carrefour," and is filled with lakes, mossy fountains, antique statuary and tiny stone chapels. In its earlier days it was simply a forest laid out for the hunt. Louis the fourteenth, at the time of the Grande Condé "ran the deer" by moonlight down these very forest aisles. At the end of one of

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them and near the lake is the Maison de Sylvie, a little oblong house, most delicately elaborate within and simple without. It stands as an almost unique example of a small seventeenth century wooden house within the grounds of a great chateau. Here in 1623 was enacted the first romance of the little building. Théophile de Viau, condemned to death by "le Parlement" for his writings, found there a hiding-place with the duke and duchess of Montmorency. It was the duchess, the lovely Marie-Félicité Orsini, who touched the heart of de Viau, and to her he wrote many of his Odes, giving her therein the poetic name of Sylvie.

Then ensued a long period in which the little house was scarcely more than a pavilion—but what a gay one! Days at Chantilly were long and delicious. Ladies with high coiffeurs, in silken frocks, idled through the hours, or listened to impassioned poets and statesmen. After prayers in the chapel, in the days of the Grand Condé, all the ladies would retire to the boudoir of the Princess "to play games." There were always amusing conversations, and recitals of the scandals of the court "to gently pass the time of day." They chased the deer, they dined at the Hameau or the Sylvie, they all ascended into a great boat with sails and drifted about on the Grand Canal, feeding the carp meanwhile, and listening to musicians in a boat which hovered near. Perhaps at the Temple de Venus they would alight, or at

the Maison de Sylvie, and there "un repas des plus galants" would be served. Then they would slowly float home in their barges, while gorgeous fire-works lit the sky. Lovely, useless existence! How enervating, and enjoyable! And yet within it at times the deepest sentiment. In 1724 the lovely Mademoiselle de Clermont, charming sister of the Duc de Bourbon, refused the hand of the highest nobility to secretly marry the one she truly loved. The little Maison de Sylvie was the scene of this ephemeral and pathetic love-affair, for the very day after they were married and hidden in their forest retreat, Monsieur de Melun de Joyeuse, the lady's lover, was wounded by a stag's antler in a hunt with the young Louis fifteenth, and immediately afterwards died.

The Maison de Sylvie is today a museum, enlarged indeed by the Duc d'Aumale in the nineteenth century by a little octagonal room which contains lovely white decorated panels of seventeenth century wood-carving. This little addition does not injure the building, nor do the marble portraits of de Viau and Sylvie, which have been placed against its latticed side. With its low roof, its trellised gardens, its clustering vines and overhanging trees, the Maison de Sylvie is as safe, as hidden, as amiable today as it was in 1623, when Théophile penned his verses on its terrace, condemned to death as he was but smiling in the presence of his lovely Sylvie.

Chantilly, September, 1922.



Tutankhamen's Father-in-law, King Akhnaton. Portrait Head in Limestone found at Tell el-Amarna. By courtesy of the *Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft*.

THE STORY OF TUTANKHAMEN

By MITCHELL CARROLL

IT is one of the marvels of the twentieth century that an obscure Pharaoh whose name was known only to a few specialists as that of a King of Egypt who reigned at Thebes for a short period in the closing years of the eighteenth dynasty (c. 1350 B. C.) should become, through the discovery of his tomb and the enterprise and efficiency of modern journalism, the most widely acclaimed of all the long line of Pharaohs and a household word all over the civilized world. Archaeology owes him a debt of gratitude, for he has proved to be its most effective propagandist. Says the editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*: "Archaeology has shown that it can make as potent a popular appeal as baseball; it can drive international politics and the latest murder mystery from the front pages; it can take a mummy and some antique furniture and make the greatest newspapers in the world send rush orders by cable and wireless to their correspondents and camera-men; it can even get the movie

magnates excited, for it is said that King Tut is slated for the screen."

Fortunately, Tutankhamen succeeded one of the most remarkable men of all times, Amenhotep IV, better known as Akhnaton, "the first individual in history" (Breasted), the story of whose reign has been fully revealed to mankind through the excavations at his new capital, Tell el-Amarna, and the decipherment of the court records, the famous Tell el-Amarna Letters. Tutankhamen was a son-in-law of Akhnaton, and while we know very little of this young prince, who married into the royal family and became a Pharaoh as the husband of an hereditary princess, we know a great deal about the members of the family into which he married.

The eighteenth dynasty reached its supremacy as a world power under Amenhotep III, the *Grande Monarque* of Ancient Egypt, who extended the power of the Empire as far as the banks of the Euphrates in the fifteenth century before the Christian era. His son and successor, however, who came to

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Tutankhamen's Mother-in-law, Nefertiti, Tell el-Amarna Head now in the Royal Museum, Berlin. By courtesy of the *Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft*. The winning feminine grace of this portrait places it among the greatest works of ancient sculpture.

the throne at the early age of eleven, Amenhotep IV, was a religious enthusiast, an idealist and lover of peace, hardly fitted by temperament to maintain the heritage he derived from his father. The situation demanded a skilled man of affairs and a strong military leader. This young poet and man of dreams devoted himself instead to the task of purifying the religion of the state. It was the Theban tribal god, Amon, who had become the supreme deity through the extension of the military power of Thebes, and to whom the great temples at Karnak and Luxor, as well as in other parts of the Kingdom, were dedicated. Forms of worship had become conventionalized, and the Theban priesthood, through the attainment of wealth and power, practically dominated the throne. Amenhotep IV, under the influence of the Queen-Mother Tiy, wished to place in a position of undoubted supremacy

over all other gods the old sun-god of Egypt, Ra-Horakhti, "King of the gods, who rises in the west and sendeth forth his beauty," whom he preferred to call by the uncontaminated name of Aton, "the sun's disk," beneficent and omnipresent, whose creative warmth penetrated all nature and caused all things to grow.

Finding the forces of the Amon priesthood too strong for him, he decided to abandon Thebes and build a city far away from contaminating influences, where he could establish the earthly home of Ra-Horakhti Aton and develop the idealistic schemes which inspired him. The first step he took was that of changing his own name from Amenhotep, "The Peace of Amon," to Akhnaton, "The Glory of Aton"; and from this time on he laid more stress on the name of his god as "Aton" than as Ra-Horakhti, which name became less and less prominent in the records of his reign.

Akhnaton¹ built his new capital about 250 miles down the river Nile and named it Akhetaton, "City of the Horizon of Aton," now known as Tell el-Amarna. Here he erected his palace and temples to Aton and held his court. A flourishing city rapidly grew upon the new site, and a new school of art developed under the impulse of the infinitely more spiritual religion, to which we owe the incomparable beauty of many of the objects recently discovered.

History shows us few personalities more winning than that of the "heretic" king, but while he made the new capital a brilliant center of Egyptian life, he aroused the sullen hostility of the priests and military class. The Tell el-Amarna letters give the state correspondence with officials through-

¹Read Arthur E. P. Weigall, "The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt." London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1911. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1923.

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out the realm and relate the troubles they were having with rebellious subjects and their enemies, the Hittites of Asia Minor and the Aramean kingdoms of Syria.

One of the most interesting discoveries in the excavations at Tell el-Amarna, conducted by the *Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft* prior to 1914, was that of the studio of the court sculptor, Thutmose, which has preserved for us the portraits of some members of this interesting family, notably Akhnaton himself, his Queen Nefertiti, the Queen-Mother Ti, and a charming unfinished bit of sculpture representing Akhnaton fondling his little daughter, whom we like to think of as the future bride of Tutankhamen. Professor Breasted is the author of an article on these portrait-sculptures of Thutmose (*ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*, Oct.-Nov. 1916), and we reproduce these family-portraits, so that our readers may become acquainted with Tutankhamen's relations by marriage.

Akhnaton's reign lasted only seventeen years, and he died about 1358 B. C. at the early age of thirty-eight, succumbing to the overwhelming forces that were bringing about the disintegration of the Empire. He had a family of daughters, but no son to succeed him. The second daughter, Maketaton, had died during his life time, and was buried in the tomb Akhnaton had excavated for himself and his family in a lonely valley not far east of the city. The eldest daughter, Meritaton, became the wife of a noble by name Smenkhkara, who was chosen by Akhnaton as his successor. Within less than a year Smenkhkara died or was deposed. Then another son-in-law, a prince named Tutankhaton,¹

¹ Probably he is to be identified with Tutu, a well-known noble of this period—the words *Ankhaton*, "Living in Aton," being added to make his name more majestic.—*Weigall*.



By courtesy of the Deutsche Orient-Gesellschaft.

King Akhnaton (Amenhotep IV) fondling his little daughter. This unfinished group has hardly passed beyond the stage of roughing out. This great king is here displayed in his defiance of the tradition which demanded the representation of the Pharaoh in coldly formal portraits; whereas he here appears in natural human relations displaying attractive and winning traits which draw us into real intimacy with him.

succeeded to the throne, who had married Akhnaton's third daughter, Enkhosnepaaton ("She lives by the Aton"), when she was hardly more than twelve years old.

This is the Pharaoh who up to this time has been known chiefly for the fact that he abandoned the worship of Aton and the City of the Horizon, brought the capital back to Thebes, changed his name to Tutankhamen ("Living image of Amon") and his wife's to Ankhesamen ("She lives by Amon"), and restored the worship of



Head of a Small Portrait Statuette of the Queen-Mother Tiye. It was found in the rubbish from one of the queen's villas, though not at Amarna. Nevertheless it was probably the work of an Amarna studio. It is one of the most strongly individual portraits surviving from ancient art. In the classical world such portraiture is not found until Roman times.

Amon and his temples throughout the realm.

A considerable number of monuments have been recorded, inscribed with the name of Tutankhamen, some at Thebes and at Tell el-Amarna, others near the Fayum in Middle Egypt and as far south as the Sudan. The most important inscription is a large stele discovered in 1905 by M. Le Grain. On this the name of King Horemheb has been engraved over the cartouche of Tutankhamen but the rest of the text is left untouched. It is a general description of the state of Egypt when Tutankhamen came to the throne—temples fallen into disrepair, shrines decayed, the whole land neglected by the gods. With Tutankhamen's succession, however, "a new era dawned, and Egypt with her ancient gods began to prosper again."

Another important monument is the tomb of Huy, the Viceroy of Ethiopia, cut in the limestone hill known as Kumet Murrai at Thebes. The walls are elaborately painted, giving scenes descriptive of Tutankhamen's

relations with Ethiopia and Asia. One fresco shows the investiture of Huy as Viceroy of Ethiopia in the presence of Tutankhamen; another Huy introducing to the Pharaoh the chieftains of western Asia and Ethiopia; another the presentation of the envoys of Syria and their offerings. The portrait of Tutankhamen reproduced on the cover is from this tomb (see Lepsius, *Denkmäler aus Aegypten*, etc.). These frescoes really represent about all we know of the foreign relations of Tutankhamen. He made, it seems, a brave effort to strengthen his kingdom, but he was not able to regain the heritage that had come down from Amenhotep III. He soon disappears from history. He apparently left no issue and the legitimate line of eighteen dynasty Kings came to an end with him.

Ankhesamen, the Queen, however, was hardly a widow before she wanted a new king. And in an ancient document found among Hittite ruins near the old site of Carchemish in Anatolia, Asia Minor, translated by Professor Sayce, the young widow of Tutankhamen asks



Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

Visitors from all over the world flock to Tomb of King Tutankhamen. Many are here standing at the entrance to the Tomb, eagerly waiting for a sight of the treasures as they were bought out.

the Hittite king for a new husband. She writes: "My husband is dead. I have no children. Your sons are said to be grown up. If you will give me one of them and if he will be my husband, he will be a great helpmate. I send bridal gifts."

The Hittite King seemed to have been somewhat skeptical as to the proposal, and she writes him a second time:

"What is this you say? That I have deceived you. If I had a son and my people and country had a ruler, I would not have written to another country. No one has had children by me. I have no son. Give me one of

your sons and he shall be king of the land of Egypt."

The King of the Hittites finally consented to give her one of his sons as husband, but before the young man could reach Thebes, Ankhnesamen was deprived of her throne. Her fate is unknown. Like her husband, Tutankhamen, she was "sunk without trace," until the present discovery called attention to her sad story.

Tutankhamen was succeeded by another noble of Akhnaton's court, Eye, who had married the nurse of Akhnaton, and who maintained the dynasty for a brief period until at length shortly after 1350 it was swept

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away. Thus through the unwarlike qualities of Akhnaton and the weaknesses of his successors, the prestige of the old Theban family dominant for 250 years, who had cast out the Shepherd Kings and built the greatest Empire the world had ever known, was totally eclipsed. Horemheb, the restorer, who now gained the throne, introduced a new epoch and prepared the way for the achievements of the Rameses rulers of the nineteenth dynasty.

The story of the discovery of Tutankhamen's tomb is too fresh in the memory of all to require a recital. His resurrection after 3,400 years, however, has given him an immortality of which he little dreamed, when, after the manner of his fathers, he prepared his tomb for the long journey into the Unknown. For three months the world has been following with absorbing interest the daily newspaper accounts, telling of the most remarkable, though not the most important, discovery in the history of Egyptology, describing the progress of the excavations from day to day, the finding of the precious objects in the ante-chamber, and above all, the view of the royal sarcophagus in the sepulchral chamber that doubtless contains the mummy of Tutankhamen.

The great disappointment, thus far, of the Tutankhamen discoveries, is that no "documents" have been found. Unfortunately what were at first taken for papyri proved to be, upon examination, rolls of linen, apparently loin-cloths. How fortunate it would be, if the sarcophagus or the burial chamber, when fully examined, should reveal not merely another example of the "Book of the Dead," but rather letters, journals or archives of some sort that would supplement the meagre knowledge we now possess, and throw light

upon the critical era in which King Tutankhamen lived! The prospect, however, that any such record will be discovered is very faint and though our knowledge of the art of the period will be greatly advanced, Tutankhamen himself will continue to be a man of mystery.

And now, at last, after removing the objects from the ante-chamber, the royal sarcophagus enclosure in the Valley of the Kings' Tombs, has been closed. A strong wooden barrier has been put at the entrance of the tomb, and over this 1700 tons of rock, sand and rubble have been heaped as a barrier against hostile designs. The only outward and visible indication of the position of the tomb is the stone wall forming the parapet, and the kiosk that served as a temporary office, now located on top of the rubble.

The tomb will remain covered up until autumn, if not longer, when it is hoped the archaeologists may find it possible to examine the sarcophagus and the mass of objects still reposing in the sepulchral chamber, also the annex to the ante-chamber, into which only a glimpse has been taken, and the so-called treasure chamber, the door of which has been found in one of the walls of the chamber containing the sarcophagus. The interval will give time to appraise the many rare and costly objects removed from the ante-chamber, and to determine the final disposition of the precious contents of the tomb.

So with this brief "Story of Tutankhamen," we shall await further knowledge of the results of the study of the finds already removed, and the re-opening of the tomb in the fall, when we shall give our readers another Egyptian number with articles and illustrations.

Octagon House, Washington, D. C.

CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

Excavations in Egypt

The daily newspapers of the world have given so many columns of space to the remarkable discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen at Luxor that it remains for the monthly magazines merely to sum up the results and to wait until the scholars who are at work on the finds have had time to complete their studies and can give definite descriptions of the various objects found and of their significance. ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY is fortunate in having as its consulting editor in the Egyptian field Professor James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago, who has been assisting Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter in their investigation of the tomb. Hence we are planning a special Egyptian number to be issued as soon as the work of the specialists are sufficiently far advanced and authority is given for adequate publication. In the meantime we are preparing our readers by publishing in this issue articles on "The Magic Art of Egypt" and "Ancient Costume and Modern Fashion" and a brief study of "The Story of Tutankhamen," telling what was known of this Pharaoh prior to the recent discoveries.

Bare Ancient Temple in Ur of Chaldeans

Brick walls believed to have been erected 36 centuries before the Christian era have been discovered among the ruins recently unearthed at Ur, the Chaldean city, according to a Bagdad dispatch to the London *Times*.

The correspondent quotes C. L. Wooley, leader of the archaeological expedition, as saying that the ruins comprise the temple of the moon god and his consort, part of which were brought to light in 1918. The discoveries in that year, however, uncovered the bachelor quarters of the god, while the ruins now found are believed to have been his harem. A fragment of a stone vase has been dug out, upon which is a representation of the moon and his goddess receiving the adoration of worshippers. The carving is believed to have been done 2,000 years before Christ.

The excavators found in the inner room of the temple jewelry of the period of Nebuchadnezzar, who rebuilt the shrine in the sixth century B. C., carefully preserving the original plan. Many alabaster vases and inscribed door sockets have been found. Ur is the seat of a very ancient and extensive culture of the Sumerians, who preceded the Semites in the Valley of the Euphrates. The ancient Sumerian civilization was superseded by the Semites in 2,500 B. C., and Ur fell into ruins. The present expedition is being conducted jointly by the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum.

Russians Uncover Buried Mongol City

The Council of Soviet Ministers at Moscow has just voted funds for a three years' trip of the Russian explorer Koslof, to complete his researches in the ancient capital of Mongolian civilization, Kharakhoto, which has been for more than 1,000 years in the Central Asian Desert.

According to Koslof, under the sands lies a mighty city whose civilization far outstrips that of Pompeii or Herculaneum. Koslof brought back 2,500 books in seven languages, including Persian, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Mongolian. He found coins of gold, silver and copper; pictures in canvas and silk whose colors and lines, thanks to the dry sand, are as fresh and distinct as when they left the artist's hand; tapestries, frescoes and a mass of ceramics. All these objects are to be assembled in a special Kharakhoto Museum in Petrograd.

Art Gallery Opened in Grand Central Station, New York

The newest of New York's many art galleries was opened March 21 on the sixth, or dome, floor of the Grand Central Station, carrying to fulfilment the plan of the Painters' and Sculptors' Association of helping the sale of American art by affording an opportunity for the painter and sculptor to market their works.

The gallery occupies 1,400 square feet of the dome and is divided into eight rooms, so well lighted from above that the exhibits were seen to the greatest advantage. The color scheme of the gallery is soft gray and green with touches of gold. The central room is particularly attractive and cozy, with a fountain in the centre and more than one hundred sculptures, large and small, grouped together in effective arrangement. The walls were hung with tapestries, and the abundance of ferns and palms gave the effect of a garden.

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This gallery is financed by a group of 100 business men and women, who expect, by taking care of the overhead charges, that the artists themselves will be able to dispose of their works at a lower figure than when the high cost of rents and expensive merchandising must be considered in the sale price. The backers of this scheme have financed it for a term of years and hope in this way to promote the sale of American Art without any financial profit for themselves.

Among the painters whose works were exhibited were John Singer Sargent, Edwin H. Blashfield, Robert W. Chanler, John Sloan, E. C. Friescke, Cecelia Beaux, Joseph Pennell, Rockwell Kent, Charles W. Hawthorne, Paul Dougherty, Frederick J. Waugh, Ben Foster, Van Dearing Perrine, Gardner Symons, Daniel Garber, and Cullen Yates. Some of the sculptors exhibiting are: Daniel Chester French, Anna Vaughn Hyatt, Malvina Hoffman, Frederick A. MacMonnies, Lorado Taft, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Janet Scudder, Victore Salvatore, Harriet W. Frishmuth, and Mahonri Young.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

American School in France of Prehistoric Studies

The preliminary report of the field work of the American School in France of Prehistoric Studies for the season of 1922 has just appeared, and indicates how effectively this school is making for itself a place beside the American schools in Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. Six students completed the summer's work, which consisted in excavations at the station of La Quina and in attendance at lectures by Dr. Henri Martin, Lecturer on Palaeontology, and by the Director, Dr. Charles Peabody, on Prehistoric Archaeology. The excavations yielded numerous specimens, which were predominantly Mousterian, but also many Acheulian and Aurignacian objects were found. Excursions were made to Les Eyzies, and Teyjat, and also to the caves of Gargas, Mas d'Azil, Tuc d'Audubert and Trois Frères in the Pyrenaean region.

American Academy in Rome

The School of Classical Studies will conduct a summer session July 9–August 18, 1923.

The work will be under the charge of Professor Grant Showerman, University of Wisconsin, who is the present Annual Professor in the School, and who has resided in Rome for five years. The course will consist of three lectures a week on the history of the City of Rome from its origin to the present time. The work will be of a grade to entitle it to credit at American Universities.

For further details regarding the work, address the American Academy in Rome, Summer Session, Rome 29, Italy.

The Bureau of University Travel

In addition to the tours of the *European Summer School* described in previous issues of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, the Bureau of University Travel is offering two delightful fall tours, one to Cathedral France and Spain, the other a combination of Cathedral France and Egypt in the season of the high Nile. The Bureau is also planning two tours Round the World, one east-bound and the other westbound. The former starts at the conclusion of the fall tours; the latter will sail from San Francisco on August 7, 1923. We commend these tours to our readers.

The Pan American Evening of the Archaeological Society of Washington

The Archaeological Society held March 19, 1923, a Pan American Evening in the Hall of the Republics of the Pan American Union, with Mrs. W. J. Boardman and Mrs. B. H. Warder as hostesses. Hon. Robert Lansing, President of the Society, presided and the Brazilian Ambassador, Hon. A. C. de Alencar, made an address as representative of the Latin American countries. Professor Marshall H. Saville of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Ruined Cities of Yucatan," and Major George Oakley Totten, Jr., exhibited his model of the Chichen-Itza Jaguar Temple and Ball Court. Professor Saville and Dr. John C. Merriam told of their recent visit to Mexico in connection with the special tour under the auspices of the Archaeological Institution of Yucatan, and a suggestion that a similar tour, including also the Pueblo region of the Southwest, under the auspices of the Archaeological Society of Washington, be undertaken in the near future met with a favorable reception. Members or readers of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY who would like to join the party will kindly write the Director and Editor, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, The Octagon, Washington, D. C.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Zolnay War Memorial Group



"I gave my best to make a better world."

Mr. George Julian Zolnay, the sculptor, late President of the Arts Club of Washington, has been spending the winter in Rome, where he opened a studio in the Patrizi Palace, 54 Via Margutta. Among other works, he has completed the model of a War Memorial to be erected in Nashville, Tenn., under the auspices of the Kiwanis Club. This masterful work, which is to be cast in bronze in Rome, symbolizes the sacrifice not only of the American soldier but also the equally heroic sacrifice of the American mothers, who dedicated their sons to the defense of the liberty of the world. The conception of this group is based upon the motto which will be inscribed on the basis of the monument: "I gave my best to make a better world," a conception which perfectly expresses the mental attitude of the American people toward their participation in the World War.

One of Mr. Zolnay's most important works, the reconstruction of the sculptures of the Nashville Parthenon, was fully described in *ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY*, August, 1921. Honors have been heaped upon him by the artists of Rome and he has added greatly to the prestige of American sculpture in European countries.

The College Art Association of America

The College Art Association of America holds its twelfth Annual Meeting in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, April 6, 7, 1923. An interesting program is announced of papers and of visits to the collections of Mrs. John L. Gardner, Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald and the Fogg Art Museum.

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TWO flaring-lipped pear-shaped Vases, Tzu Chou Ware, of hard buff pottery, with rich creamy slip, over which is transparent colourless glaze. Lotuses and leaves outlined and tipped in iron red, decorate wide band of green enamel, partly iridescent. Down pointing lotus petals at neck, outlined with red on olive yellow ground, hold scrolled panels of red and green. Smaller bands of red and green. Glaze and slip end short of foot.



Height, 7 1/2"; diameter, 3 1/2"

Tzu Chou Ware
Sung Dynasty
960-1279 A. D.



Height, 7 1/16"; diameter, 3 3/8"

BOOK CRITIQUES

The Significance of the Fine Arts. Published under the direction of the Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects. Marshall Jones Company, Boston, Mass.

The Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects and the Committee on Architecture and Art of the Association of American Colleges, have cooperated to produce a book of nearly 500 pages on *The Significance of the Fine Arts*. To Mr. C. Howard Walker has been assigned the topic of Classical Architecture; Mr. Ralph Adams Cram writes of the Architecture of the Middle Ages; Mr. H. Van Buren Magonigle treats of The Renaissance, and Paul P. Cret discusses Modern Architecture.

The second part, devoted to the allied arts, begins with an article on Sculpture, by Lorado Taft, one on Painting by Bryson Burroughs; then there are Landscape Design by Frederick Law Olmsted; City Planning by Edward H. Bennett; The Industrial Arts by Huger Elliott; Music by Thomas Whitney Surette. The Prologue is by George C. Nimmons, and the Epilogue by Mr. Walker.

All of these gentlemen are eminent practitioners of the various arts with which their names are associated. It is inevitable that where so much is included within the space of one volume that there would be regrettable omissions and condensations at times. This is apparent both in text and in pictures of American Art of today. American Sculpture is compressed in a paragraph of six lines, and two names—Saint Gaudens and Daniel Chester French. The religious sentimentalists will find much encouragement in the article on the Architecture of the Middle Ages and will not be at all deterred from their quest of the Gothic by the treatment of the Architecture of The Renaissance. The most satisfactory chapter is Mr. Olmsted's brief exposition on Landscape Design, which is clear, straightforward and helpful to the young man.

The purpose of the Institute in organizing such an array of articles relating to their profession is highly to be commended. Nor can too much praise be given the publishers for the excellence of the letter-press, the high quality of the reproductions, and the handsome appearance of so comprehensive a volume. It is quite up to the standard of the Marshall Jones Company, which has produced so many valuable works for both scholar and layman.

CHARLES MOORE.

Raphael, by Felix Lavery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1922. \$4.00.

In the valuable bibliography of this beautiful and sumptuous book, there is a list of nearly

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three hundred books on the subject of the life and work of the great Italian painter and it would a most seem as if nothing further could be added.

Mr. Lavery, however, has given ten years to an exhaustive search into the history of each work of the master, the place and date of its execution and follows further into the various sales and changes of ownership, bringing the data down to the last known location.

He gives three periods of Raphael's life and his manner of work in each. The first period embracing what he terms his "Florentine Manner," the middle period, when he went to Rome and was so kindly received by Pope Julius II, whose portrait he painted, one of the great portraits of the world. At that time he decorated the Chamber of the Signatura and painted a number of portraits for private patrons.

The last period finds him still in Rome, 1514-1520, when he was entrusted by Pope Leo X with the rebuilding of the Church of St. Peter, which Bramante had commenced. Then was made his wonderful Sibyls and Prophets, the decoration of the great Hall of the Papal Palace, the Transfiguration and the Cartoons for the tapestries.

The volume is an unusual compilation, the most complete and comprehensive since Vasari's account, from whom the author quotes at length.

Although only thirty-seven years old when he died, and his artistic activity limited to a period of twenty years, Raphael was probably the most productive artist that ever lived. His pictures are in all of the great galleries of the world and the frescoes in the Vatican and the Villas of Italy have never been surpassed.

One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that giving the history of the "Nativity" and its purchase by John Trumbull, and of the sale of the Trumbull collection in London in 1797, when most of the pictures were purchased by Benjamin West. The volume is beautifully illustrated.

When Raphael died his body was followed by a vast concourse of people to the grave which he had chosen for himself, the altar of Our Lady, under the Dome of the Pantheon. The whole Court and City were plunged into mourning and there was a general feeling of consternation and dismay. It is said that the Pope wept bitterly.

"Raphael has become in all languages a name for grace and greatness; his was a universal intelligence . . . his genius is not one that can be analysed . . . and Raphael himself, even after he had attained celebrity,

could not have imagined that his sublime compositions would appeal to all minds, and to all tastes."

HELEN WRIGHT.

Pictorial Landscape Photography by the Photo Pictorialists of Buffalo. American Photographic Publishing Co., Boston, Mass, 1922.

A tremendous impetus was given photography by this enthusiastic group of Buffalo photographers. Nearly twenty years ago they formed a club, a membership of eight, without any formal organization, rules or constitution, the sole object and pleasure being the producing of artistic and beautiful work, which they found was more than possible by the semi-mechanical medium of the camera.

Their meetings were held regularly but in places suitable for study and picture making. They went into parks and beautiful spots along the rivers and gave to each other's work friendly and helpful criticism. They became known as the "Buffalo School" and magazines and exhibitions gave place to their productions.

Since that beginning Photography has reached a height of perfection. "Pictorial landscape photography differs from other branches of pictorial photography in several respects, the subject matter is more quickly available and it can be practiced more deliberately, as a rule, than genre, portraiture and marine, which more frequently involve the seizure of the psychological moment." But the most important requisite is that the artist possess the pictorial eye. He must know nature and her moods, the mysterious shadows of evening and the delicate colors of the dawn, He must also understand the balance and arrangement of his landscape for a perfect composition.

The book is beautifully illustrated with fifty-three photographs by members of the Society, which reveal the greatest artistry—all lovely examples of the most pictorial art and evidence the possibilities in its perfection.

There are practical chapters on equipment, camera, lenses, negatives and the various processes of printing and developing.

The International Exhibition of pictorial photography held in June in San Francisco—where one hundred and fifty artists were represented, from England, Wales, Holland, Germany and this country—was a notable one and proved the rising tide of intelligence and taste in this field of art.

H. W.

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